The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Correspondence N. Y. Times.

THE DISUNION PLOT.

DISCLOSURES OF A FEDERAL OFFICE-HOLDER.

COMPLICITY OF CABINET OFFICIALS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1860.

It is my painful duty to confirm, on undoubted authority, the statements which have gone abroad from this city, implicating certain high officials in the most diabolical scheme of treason and disunion. The gentleman who revealed the plot is R. J. Lackey, Esq., late of the Treasury Department. He is a Virginian by birth, and son-in-law of Ex-Governor King of Missouri, and enjoys a reputation in this community for integrity and goodness of heart, of which any man might be proud. He was dismissed from office a few weeks ago, on the pretended ground that he had declared his preference for Lincoln over Breckinridge. This he denies, and the probabilities all go to sustain his denial, for he is not only a Southerner, but the owner of a large amount of slave property in Missouri.

Mr. Lackey distinctly states that a high official in the Treasury Department communicated to him the plan of the Disunionists, of which he cordially approved. The plan, as stated, is for the Governors of the Southern States to convene their Legislatures by proclamation on the 8th day of November, or as soon thereafter as the election of Mr. Lincoln can be ascertained; that the Legislatures will proceed to declare the Union dissolved, and to pronounce in favor of Mr. Breckinridge as the President of the Southern Union.

Mr. Lackey at once denounced this treasonable scheme, and pointed out the folly and wickedness in which it originated, and the terrible consequences to which an attempt to put in execution would lead. There can be little doubt that this patriotic and honorable course of his was the real ground of his dismission, although his preference for Mr. Douglas, and his refusal to pay black-mail for the promotion of Breckinridge's election, would be ample excuse for it, in the estimation of Mr. Cobb.

I am sorry to say that there is every reason to believe that Secretary Cobb is aware of, and listens to the conspiracy against the Constitution and laws of his country, which he has taken a solemn oath to support, if he is not himself an abettor of it. He is the bosom friend of the gentleman who revealed it to Mr. Lackey, and that friend, who is a man of excellent private character, is known to be profoundly impressed with an idea of the wisdom and patriotism of the Secretary. If Mr. Cobb has no sympathy with this nefarious scheme he will not permit those who avow their complicity in it to hold office under him. It is monstrous that conspirators against the Government are not only permitted to go at large in the face of day, but are peculiar favorites of the party in power, and the recipients of its patronage.

The Georgia papers freely state that Mr. Cobb while on his recent visit to his home, avowed himself in favor of disunion in the event of Lincoln's election. This allegation and the charges made by Mr. Lackey can not have escaped his notice or the notice of the official organ. Yet no contradiction has been put forth, and the inference is irresistible that the charges are true. If Mr. Cobb were impeached by the obscurest newspaper or politician in the Union, with disloyalty to slavery, the official paper would take the earliest opportunity to brand the allegation as false; but an imputation upon his loyalty to the Union, and to his official oath, is deemed of too little consequence to require contradiction.

But the treasury plan of a Southern Confederacy is by no means a secret confined to the superior officers of that department. The subordinates are bruiting it about the street in a tone of defiance, which shows that they have the utmost confidence in its success.

I give the President credit for being opposed to disunion. But is it not his imperative duty to inquire into these charges, in which his own officials are involved? If Mr. Cobb sympathises with the traitorous plot, he should be at once expelled from office, and at any rate he should not be allowed to make the department under his superintendence a nursery for treason.

The 8th of November being the day designated for the final disruption of the Union, the President should immediately take steps to circumvent the conspirators. If the Union shall be dissolved before the 4th of March, he, and not Mr. Lincoln, will be held responsible by the country, and by posterity. Mr. Lackey is a respectable and responsible citizen, and the revelation he has made of treasonable conspiracy, in which high public functionaries are implicated, cannot go unheeded by the President, without gross neglect of duty on his part. If the conspiracy were aimed at the overthrow of Government by Northern malcontents—if, for instance, it were a Northern Abolition conspiracy, the exposure of it which has been made would not be suffered to go unnoticed. But fear of Southern fire-eaters has been the conspicuous and life-long weakness of the President. Once since his term commenced, he was prompted by Walker and Forney to take a stand against Southern arrogance, when he said, "Let Alabama and Mississippi howl!" but he soon retracted, and atoned by the most humiliating sacrifices of consistency and plighted honor.

The New York *Times*, commenting upon this says:—

Thus far there is no great difficulty in going.—Declarations are very cheap, and if they alone could dissolve the Union, it would have been dissolved long ago. By what practical steps they propose to maintain that declaration,—how Mr. Breckinridge will be able to assume the functions of the Presidency,—by what organized machinery they will seek to supply the lack of the existing Federal Government, are points of considerable importance, especially to the States most nearly concerned.

Meantime Mr. Buchanan is President of the United States, and he has taken a solemn oath to see that the Constitution is maintained, and that the laws of Congress, are faithfully executed.—Upon him will devolve the entire responsibility of meeting these attempts at overthrowing the Constitution. The leading organ of the seceders—the Charlestown *Mercury*—has declared that a *peaceable* secession can be effected, if it is attempted before the 4th of March; and it adds the significant declaration.

"*We know what we assert.*" The country will not concede, without the stubborn evidence of facts, that the President of the United States is either the leader or the accomplice of a traitorous conspiracy against the Union.

From the Mo. Democrat, Oct. 25th.

DISQUIETUDE OF THE SLAVES.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE DISTEMPER.

It is not surprising that the political storms, raging on the high plain of the citizen, should in some degree disturb the atmosphere of the lower one occupied by the slave. When the live thunder leaps from the high places of the land it is heard in the most secluded vale and the deepest ravine. The recent rumors of negro plots here and there are just what might be expected at this time.—They are the first fruits of that studied misrepresentation of the Republican cause in which the Southern press and Southern orators have recklessly indulged for years, and especially since the opening of this Presidential campaign. We do not doubt that in some localities the slaves are disquieted. The following, which is going the rounds of the papers, may be taken as some evidence of the fact:

That the negroes are posted as to what is going on in the country, and have been told that the success of Lincoln will result in license to them, is evidenced in the following extract from a letter from Camargo county, Kentucky.

"On Saturday night week last, some thirteen negroes concluded to make a Lincoln demonstration, *by arming themselves with weapons of various kinds, and parading the streets, yelling for Lincoln*, and defying any white man to molest them, and threatening death to those who made the attempt. Writs were obtained, and the next day the entire party were arrested and severely punished for their impudence and presumption."

We may add, that a large slaveholder in this county informed us some time ago, that *his slaves believed that Lincoln, when elected, would set them free.* It is highly probable that slaves in various places have given credence to absurd notions that their captivity will cease simultaneously with the accession of the Republican party to power. The tragic commotion among the negroes employed in the Cumberland Iron Works, and elsewhere in Tennessee, immediately after the last Presidential election, was attributed, we believe, to the same cause.

We deliberately assert that the Southern assailants of the Republican party are the authors of this grievous delusion, and the overt acts which have followed or may follow in its train. The slave has heard strange noises in the air whenever he has heard the Republican party spoken of by its opponents. He has heard the white man, his owner, declare at public meetings that the sole object of that party is the abolition of slavery. It has been dinned into his ears so often, the press and the stump have so rung with it, that he believes it at last. To confirm him in his error, the incendiary speeches of the Abolitionists are republished in the papers which his master reads, as the authorised expression of Northern sentiment. No wonder that he believes the prophetic day of universal emancipation is at hand. Such is the meaning of the declarations he has heard from the lips of those to whom he looks for instruction and information. If pious he chants the more popular of the hymn book melodies with a new emphasis, imagining that he is already transported to Canaan, Happy Land; and if he is otherwise disposed, he probably sets about concocting plots to accelerate the great event. That disturbances should result from the bitter disappointment he is doomed to suffer, comports with the very nature of things. The toil and agony in his case must be as great as that experienced by the God-forsaken Millerite, whom no chariot of fire or cloud bears away from the housetop to the happy realms of light.

The first duty of the slaveholder at this time, is to disabuse his slaves of the gross errors and delusions they have imbibed from the language they have heard him and his oracles use so often. We do not say this because we are apprehensive that negro insurrections or conspiracies may prove formidable, except, perhaps, to isolated households, but simply through a feeling of humanity. The slave will be the sole victim of his own errors, but the responsibility before the tribunal of consciences, will rest on those from whose prejudiced, distorted, untruthful discourse he has contracted these errors. In slandering the Republican party the Southern politicians have been mining their own hearth-stones, and organizing a genuine Carbonari in the negro quarters. The plot, (if plot there was,) panic, and subsequent terrorism, in Texas—the mobs, lynchings, and massacres, which have spread indelible infamy over that State, making it as hateful in the eyes of the civilized world, as Mount Lebanon, the home of the bloody and fanatical Druses, are the direct products of the lies hurled at the Republican party by the champions of slavery. The black cloud of calumny with which they sought to cover the brightness of the Republican cause, has broken in a rain of fire and blood over that State. This undreamed-of catastrophe should apprise them of the danger which such an immoral course exposes them to. Had they contended with the Republican party in its own avowed character, the slave would pay no more attention to the controversy than of old to the controversy between Whig and Democrat. He has no sympathy whatever with the restriction of slavery territorially. The only country which he dreads, is that *terra incognita* which he calls "down the river," the inhabitants of which, he believes, are morally and geographically antipodal to those of Canada.

It will therefore be conceded that *the simplest and most effectual way for subduing everything like excitement among the negroes and restoring complete quiet, is to represent the Republican party in its true light to the people of the South;* to paint it as it is, without concealing a single supposed blemish, instead of drawing a hideous caricature of it in red and black. Let it have a fair hearing, and be judged by its merits or demerits, instead of being summarily condemned as militant abolitionism.—With their teaching thus reversed, (for reversed it will be if the truth shall be told), the negroes will unlearn their errors as quickly as they learned them. There will be no more plots or infernal contrivances of any kind, whether on the part of blacks or whites; no more of those Sparta-Helotic practices, of which Texas has so recently been the sanguinary theater. Neither will there be one-tenth as many emigrants to Canada from the border slave States. The contentment of the servile class is the surest guarantee their owners can have. When discontent sets in, no matter from what cause, fugitives are numerous.

For these various reasons, we submit to the organs of pro-slavery opinion the question of the prudence, as well as justice and propriety, of their distinguishing between Republicans and Abolitionists — between Abraham Lincoln and John Brown—between the supporters of the laws, and the fillibuster or revolutionists. They can only inflame the prevailing madness by persisting in their extravagant falsifications. The stigma of Abolition has lost its terrors in the North—the term having been applied indiscriminately to all opponents of National democracy; and the same loose application of it henceforth can have no other effect than to confound, to the popular apprehension in the South, things which are radically and essentially distinct. We do not hesitate to proclaim that they who accuse the Republican party of a purpose, hidden or avowed, to let loose the slaves, are the prime authors of those negrophobia paroxysms in Texas and elsewhere, and of those "stampedes" which are held to constitute the peculiar grievance of the South.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE HONOR OF KENTUCKY PLEDGED TO THE UNION.

By her Senators and Representatives in Congress, who have for over fifty years solemnly and publicly sworn fidelity to the Constitution and the laws of the Union, Kentucky stands pledged. By her long and honorable array of Governors and her many thousand Representatives and Senator in her Legislature, who are scattered through every county of the State; by her honorable judges; by the spontaneous expressions of her people; and above all, by their love and devotion to that country for which Kentuckians have so often shed their blood; by all these pledges, and bonds, is Kentucky bound to the Union.

And even if there were no such pledges annually repeated—no interweaving of loyalty with the whole social fabric and honor of the community—we are bound beyond all revocation by the solemn acts of our forefathers in the formation of the Federal Government to which they surrendered the independence of States, counties, towns, and individuals, and in that surrender pledge their honor to the governmental compact, formed between the people of all the States.

It is utterly vain and futile to say that because a State may have originally voluntarily entered as an independent community into the federal compact, therefore she has still the right as an independent body politic voluntarily and freely to withdraw whenever she fancies herself in any way aggrieved.

As well might the man who has signed a contract for the purchase of a farm, or the payment of a sum of money, claim the right as an independent gentleman to withdraw from the fulfillment of his contract, whenever he is displeased, because he was an independent voluntary agent in making the contract. As well might the land owner who has given to his city or county the land for a street or road, claim the right whenever displeased with his neighbor to withdraw the conveyance and deprive his fellow citizens of the rights which they had acquired.

All those wild notions arise from that deterioration of the moral sense of which our political history has recently given so many examples.

The right of secession is like the right of the debtor to repudiate his debts—the right of the landlord to reclaim the land that he had sold and been paid for—or the right of the husband to repudiate his wife and renounce his children. It is the right to do wrong, to violate pledges, to destroy the vested rights of others and to uproot the foundation of all argument. If such a principle could be applied to our country, it would authorize a county to secede from a State, a village or a township to secede from the county as well as the State—a manufacturing company to secede from the whole community—and every farmer to set up on his own farm as an independent sovereign and defy the State to levy a tax upon him or to open a road through his unclosed forests. In short, such a principle brings us to the end of all government and of all the faith and honor upon which governments are erected.

A government created by the people is like a debt created by an individual, a thing of binding and irrevocable obligation, from which there can be no honorable escape but in accordance with its conditions. As we are bound by a conveyance or lease of land which we cannot honorably reclaim, so when we convey to a government or a corporation a certain interest in our lands, viz: a right of taking so much of their product or rental under the title of tax, we are bound by that grant and cannot honorably resist its payment.—And when a State applies to be admitted into the Federal Union it conveys to the Federal Government certain rights of taxation, right of way, and right of jurisdiction which, when once conferred, cannot be recalled by the grantor.

Yet, in truth, this surrender of power and jurisdiction to the General Government is only a re-acknowledgment by the organized state of that jurisdiction which the Federal Government never ceased to possess since it first held, owned, and sold the lands upon which the State has been erected. And it will not be disputed that the original States by whom the Federal Constitution was framed and adopted, are just as firmly bound, by its provisions as the newer States which have since been erected on the lands owned by the Federal Government.

Where then is the right of secession among honorable communities from rightfully established governments? It stands in company with the right of the repudiating debtor, the fugitive husband, the rebellious citizen, and the lawless buccaneer of the ocean.

Can South Carolina by her sole wayward will annul the vested rights of the Federal Government? Can she at her pleasure annul the right of taxation, the right of regulating commerce, the right of determining our foreign policy, and the right of carrying the United States mail or marching the United States army across her boundaries? As well might any county in Kentucky proclaim its independence, refuse to pay its taxes, and refuse to permit our courts to be held in its boundaries. Unless our national government has these vested rights independent of the whim of any State, it can scarcely be called a government at all—the oaths of all our public functionaries are but a miserable mockery—honor dwells not among us—and our country will soon become the derision of the world.

But we hope for better things; we believe that Kentucky will be true to her honor, and that an overwhelming majority in other States will stand by "The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." This is the true issue, the momentous issue of our struggle, in comparison with which all other issues in party platforms are of slight importance. Have we or have we not a government, a national Union, and shall we be a mighty nation, or a mere cluster of discordant, hostile, bankrupt States?

A COLORED MAN APPOINTED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF A BRITISH COLONY.

The British Government appear to be determined to carry into practice the principles of equality set forth in the famous act of emancipation. It is only very lately, however, that English society in the West Indies has consented to abandon its prejudices against color, and to recognize the Mulatto, or the Black as a social as well as a political equal. Even yet, in the older Colonies like the Barbadoes, there is broad line of demarcation between the pure Saxon and the West Indian, who is ever so lightly touched with the mark of African descent, and it would seem to be the policy and desire of the Home authorities to remove altogether a feeling so prejudicial to West Indian interests. Thus, lately, the Mayor of Kingston, Jamaica, was made a Companion of the Bath, and more recently, Mr. Samuel Cockburn, another gentleman of color, and a Creole, of the Island of Granada, has been appointed Administrator of the Government of Montserrat. No loyal subject of the Queen can refuse to recognise as a social equal any one whom she, as the fountain of honor, chooses to appoint to high places in her realm.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Mr. JAMES W. GERARD, of New York, addressed a letter the other day, "To the Abolitionists and Negro Worshippers of New York, and especially the Editors of the EVENING POST, and Tribune." Mr. GERARD said:

Gentlemen: As you claim to be the *exclusive* sympathizers and friends of the black race, and many of you standing at the corners, like the Pharisees of old, with your phylacteries made broad, and the hems of your garment enlarged, rolling up the whites of your eyes, and crying to the Union men passing by, "Behold, I am holier than thou," why is it that you extend your arms to free the slaves of the South, a thousand miles off, and yet pass by African slaves now in bondage in your own city, under your own eyes, and make no effort to free them? Is it that you can make no political capital out of them? Now I beg leave to remind you what the newspapers have told you of, long time ago, that in the Eldridge street prison where have been confined for four months, without charge of crime or fault, three African boys, who were taken from a deserted slave ship, and by the government authorities placed in that prison, under the power given to the President, to take charge of them and send them back to Africa. They are strangers and friendless in a strange land, and no legal measures have been taken to set them free. * * *If you cannot get an abolition lawyer to take out a habeas corpus, if you will trust me*, I will sue one out for you, my services of course will be gratuitous, and I will pay the disbursements, and do my best to get them free, *provided* you will satisfy me that you will take charge of them after they are free. It would be a real act of human charity to educate them at our *Orphan Asylum* for Colored Children, Christianize them, and then send them back to Africa as *free men*, to convert their pagan brethren to our Christian faith."

Now all this sounds pretty smart, but the answer of the Post, is slightly awful. Here it is:—

Gentlemen in this city have interested themselves in the fate of the three African boys in Eldridge street. Mr. Lewis Tappan, who is over seventy years of age, accompanied by his grandson, repaired on the 23d instant to the office of the United States Marshal Rynders, to inquire into the condition of the boys, and to see if it were possible to transfer them to the care of the ladies of Colored Orphan Asylum. As soon as the objects of Mr. Tappan's visit were made known to the agent of the government, he was assailed in the most violent and profane manner. Disgusting oaths and execrations were heaped upon his head; the fists of the burly officeholder were shaken in his face, his cowardly crew of subordinates looking on all the while and clapping their hands, and finally he was thrust out of the door. When Mr. Barney, a youth under twenty, stepped in to shield his grandfather from personal violence, he was abused in the same outrageous manner; *Rynders caught him by the hair, and dragged him about the room; and even threatened, amid the most horrid oaths, to cut off his ears with a knife*. A more brutal and atrocious assault was never committed, and what heightens the offence, that it was committed by an officer of the government upon unoffending citizens.

This is our answer to Mr. Gerard. When the Administration will put and retain in office such brutes as this Rynders, it cannot be expected that peaceful men will risk their lives in order to do a small deed of charity. It is not pleasant, when one desires official intercourse with the federal authorities, to put pistols in one's pockets, with a view to shooting the insolent scoundrels down should they insult us by their ribaldry and abuse. But this is what the handsome lawyer invites us to. Now, Mr. Gerard may be on such intimate terms personally with the bruiser Rynders as not to be in fear of his brutality, but other decent people, it appears, are not, and could scarcely feel safe in his vicinity.

As Mr. Gerard has volunteered us his advice, let us return the favor, and beseech him to secure, as soon as possible, the removal of his political coadjutor from the office which it is so dangerous for respectable old men and harmless boys to visit.

SPEECH OF A VIRGINIAN.

[The following extracts are from a speech made by Charles J. Faulkner in the Virginia House of Delegates in the session of 1831-2.]

'If there be danger let us know it and prepare for the worst. If slavery can be eradicated, in God's name let us get rid of it. If it cannot, let that melancholy fact be distinctly ascertained; and let those who, we have told, are now awaiting with painful solicitude the result of your determination, pack up their household goods, and find among the luxuriant forests and prairies of the West that security and repose which their native land does not afford.'

'Sir, if this evil, as great as it is, was even stationary; if the worthy gentlemen from Mecklenburg and Brunswick could give us any assurance that it would not increase until it reaches a point which it will be horrible to contemplate, I might be induced to acquiesce in the course which their pathetic appeals suggest. But when they know it is otherwise, when they know that each successive billow is detracting from the small space of ground left between us and the angry ocean chafing at our feet, how can they advise us, how can they advise their own constituents to remain still, when the next advancing wave may overwhelm them and us in hopeless ruin?'

"Sir, tax our lands, villify our country, carry the sword of extermination through our now defenceless villages, but spare us, I implore you, spare us the curse of slavery, that bitterest drop from the chalice of the destroying angel."

"The idea of a gradual emancipation and removal of the slaves from the Commonwealth is coeval with the declaration of your own independence from the British yoke. It sprung into existence during the first session of the General Assembly subsequent to the formation of your Republican Government. It was proper, there was a fitness of things in the fact, that so beneficent an object as the plan for the gradual extinction of slavery in this State should have been the twin off-spring of that mind which gave birth to the bill of rights and to the act for religious freedom. A fact so honorable to the public spirit and humanity of that age, so worthy of the genius and expanded philanthropy of those with whom it originated, cannot be too often recurred to nor too proudly cherished.'

'It is conceded that at this precise moment of our legislation, slaves are injurious to the interests, and threaten the subversion and ruin of this Commonwealth. Their present number, their increasing number, all admonish us of this. In different terms and in more measured language the same fact has been conceded by all who have yet addressed this House. "Something must be done," emphatically exclaimed the gentleman from Dinwiddie; and I thought *I* could perceive a response to that declaration in the countenance of a large majority of this body. And why must something be done? Because if not, says the gentleman from Campbell, the throats of the white people of Virginia will be cut. No, says the gentleman from Dinwiddie, 'the whites cannot be conquered; the throats of the *blacks* will be cut.' It is a trifling difference, to be sure, sir, and matters not to the argument; for the fact is conceded that one race or the other must be exterminated.'

'Sir, I think I am, then, born out by the actual situation of things in this Commonwealth; by the strong necessity pressing upon us, and by the sure and progressive approach of an evil that will eventually involve us in national ruin in contending that we should be justified now in removing this class of our population.'

"Sir, it is true in national as it is in private contracts, that loss and injury to one party may consitute as fair a consideration as gain to the other. Does the slaveholder, while he is enjoying his slaves, reflect upon the deep injury and incalculable loss which the possession of that property inflicts upon the true interests of the country? And does he not perceive that society in tolerating the evil, say for thirty years longer, for his benefit, is in the shape of injury to itself and benefit to him, giving him a full and adequate compensation? It is the only compensation which, so help me God as a slaveholder, I will ever accept from the Commonwealth of Virginia. It is the only compensation which, as a law-giver, I will ever dispense to others'

'Slavery, it is admitted, is an evil; it is an institution which presses heavily against the best interests of the State. It banishes free white labor; it exterminates the mechanic, the artisan, the manufacturer. It deprives them of occupation. It deprives them of bread. It converts the energy of a community into indolence; its power into imbecility; its efficiency into weakness. Sir, being thus injurious, have we not a right to demand its extermination? Shall society suffer that the slaveholder may continue to gather his crop of human flesh? What is his mere pecuniary claim compared with the great interests of the common weal? Must the country languish, droop, die, that the slaveholder may flourish? Shall all interests be subservient to one? All rights subordinate, to those of the slaveholder? Has not the mechanic, have not the middle classes their rights?—rights incompatible with the existence of slavery?'

'Sir, so great and overshadowing are the evils of slavery; so sensibly are they felt by those who have traced the causes of our national decline; so perceptible is the poisonous operation of its principles in the varied and diversified interests of this Commonwealth, that all, whose minds are not warped by prejudice and interest, must admit that the disease has now assumed that mortal tendency as to justify the application of any remedy which, under the great law of State necessity, we might consider advisable. Yes, sir, if politic, the immediate removal of that whole class of our population.'

'Sir, if there be one who concurs with that gentleman in the harmless character of this institution, let me request him to compare the condition of the slaveholding portion of this Commonwealth—barren, desolate, and seared as it were by the avenging hand of Heaven—with the descriptions which we have of this same country from those who first broke its virgin soil. To what is this change ascribable? Alone to the withering and blasting effects of slavery.'

A MOTHER RANSOMED.

It will be remembered that last spring a white woman (Mrs. Piquet) appeared before the congregation of the First Congregational Church in this place, and asked for money to aid in buying *her mother from slavery*. Our citizens contributed liberally as did the people nearly everywhere she went in Ohio and New York. We had heard nothing further from the suffering woman until last week, when we were gratified to see a card in a Cincinnati paper, signed by the heroic daughter, and warmly thanking those who have assisted her in purchasing her aged parent. Mother and daughter are now living comfortably in Cincinnati—the mother having been purchased from her Texan master for the sum of $900. An interesting comment upon latter-day humanity and civilization.—*Oberlin News.*

THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR:—The following private note from a clerical member of the late Episcopal Convention in this city, seems to me worthy of coming before the public as an evidence that all of that Convention are not persuaded of the expediency of silence upon so grave a subject as Piracy. He says:

"The world moves, as you say, and the Church has to move with it, sooner or later, in spite of votes, and resolutions, fanatical conservatism, and rabid red tape; yet, when I remember the reception which Mr. Jay's resolution met, in a Convention called Christian, I almost despair of the 'Church.' If they dare not condemn the *African slave-trade*, how long before they will take hold of other reforms or questions that affect the welfare of mankind. They spend hours upon canons and rubrics, ceremonies and vestments, but have no time nor inclination for weightier matters like Justice, Humanity, and Charity. Thus they strain at gnats and swallow enormous camels.

"Eight hundred of our fellow-creatures are stolen to be carried off to be sold into Slavery, and priest and Levite pass by on the other side.—Cain's question is asked by the Church.

"The attempt to gag Mr. Jay excited my indignation. If he had introduced resolutions to censure God, or eulogise the Devil, I would not have voted to choke him down in so mean and cowardly a manner.

"Well, we must learn to wait. Time works great changes. The day will come, and that speedily, when the name of John Jay will be remembered with admiration for his persevering adherence to the right on this very question.

"Pardon my warmth.

"A few more Church Conventions will drive me off to the ranks of Parker and Garrison, and that sort of Infidles.

"The basest and most wicked infidelity is that which denies the brotherhood of God."

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE THREE NEGROES AND MARSHAL RYNDERS.

BEAUTY, PHILANTHROPY AND RUFFIANISM.

The following affidavits, which are about to be laid before the proper court, have been handed us for publication by the respectable gentlemen whose oaths are subscribed.

AFFIDAVIT OF WM. CURTIS NOYES.

City and County of New York, ss: William Curtis Noyes, of the said city, Counsellor-at-Law, being duly sworn, saith: William Barney, of said city, is a law student in this deponent's office; that deponent having been solicited to take measures to get the three colored boys recently found on board of an abandoned slave vessel on or near the coast of Africa and brought into the port of New York, into the Colored Orphan Asylum, where he was informed they would be received and educated without charge, mentioned the subject to Mr. Barney on the morning of Friday, the 19th October, 1860, and requested him to look into the statutes and decisions and to make inquiries in regard to the matter with a view to ascertain if such a disposition could not lawfully be made of them, with the assent of the authorities of the general government, including the United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York; that deponent referred him to the statutes and to some of the decisions, and requested him also to speak with his grandfather, Mr. Lewis Tappan, whom this deponent did not then know, about the question, and to take such other steps as to obtaining information as he should deem proper; and that Mr. Barney immediately commenced attending to deponent's request, and left deponent's office for that purpose; that deponent had, just before he made such request, an interview with the United States District Attorney and his deputy upon the same subject, and after Mr. Barney left his office to make such inquiries, went to his residence up town for the purpose of examining the legal questions involved more carefully; and after being there a few hours, was informed by Mr. Barney that he had been to the office of the United States Marshal with his grandfather, and had been there rudely treated and assaulted, in substance as described in his affidavit hereto annexed, and further deponent saith not.

WM. CURTIS NOYES.

AFFIDAVIT OF LEWIS TAPPAN.

City and County of New York, ss: Lewis Tappan, of the city of Brooklyn, county of Kings and state of New York, being duly affirmed, deposes and says, that on the nineteenth day of October, 1860, he went to the office of Isaiah Rynders, Esq., Marshal of the United States for the Southern District of New York, with his grandson, William Barney, a law student in the office of William C. Noyes, Esq., who had called upon him at the request of Mr. Noyes for information respecting the Amistad Africans, as Mr. Noyes had it in contemplation to obtain possession of the three African boys who were found on board the captured slaver, W. R. Kibby, for the purpose of retaining them in this country, to be instructed in useful knowledge and industrious habits, if it could be legally done.

The deponent further says that he found the Marshal in his inner office, having been directed to the room by a person in the outer office, surrounded by a considerable number of men, deputy-marshals, clerks, or persons having business with the Marshal, as he the deponent supposed, and respectfully addressing him, inquired if he had in his custody said African boys, on which the Marshal replied, "Yes, and I have orders from government to take them to Baltimore and deliver them into the hands of the agent of the Colonization Society, to be sent Liberia, and I intend to do it to-morrow or next day."

The deponent further says that he then asked if there was no way in which the boys could be retained in this country, as some friends of the colored people were willing to relieve government of the expense and trouble of taking the boys, and providing for their support, education, &c. On which the Marshal, half rising and under considerable excitement, said: "I have been annoyed enough about these damned infernal niggers. Educate them! Why do you not ed-e-cate poor white boys? You don't care a damn for them, but have a mighty love for the damned niggers. It is all a pritende. I don't believe a word of it, nor in your damned philanthropy."

The deponent further says, that perceiving the Marshal was greatly excited and infuriated, as appeared by his loud voice, his violent gesticulation, his oaths, his threatening demeanor, he endeavored to allay his anger and to pacify him, saying, 'Marshal Rynders, you are the Marshal of the District, the representative of the Executive of the United States in this city; this is a public office; I came here on business; the boys are in your custody; I beg you to be calm, as you see I am;' but instead of allaying the excitement of the Marshal, what he said seemed to excite him still more; he came around the table toward the deponent and exclaimed, while the persons in the office applauded him by stamping frequently upon the floor: "I wish every damned nigger was hung—hung so high that God Almighty could not reach them; I wish you were hung with them; I should like to have the hanging of you; I'll be damned if I would not hang you in handsome style."

The deponent further says that he replied: "Marshal Rynders, whenever I am legally convicted of a capital crime, and delivered over to you for execution, you may hang me in handsome style; but until then you must not lay your hand upon me"—on which the Marshal said he would not have deponent in his office; he should not come there again; he hated all negro worshipers; he wished they were hung sky-high, &c., &c., &c.

The deponent further says that the Marshal continued to talk in a boisterous manner, urged on by the persons in the office, while he (the deponent) tried in various ways to divert their attention and allay the excitement, until the Marshal made at him in a menacing manner, on which the grandson of the deponent, who stood as a spectator of what had transpired, gently placed himself between the Marshal and the deponent, with his side to the Marshal, saying, "You must not strike my grandfather;" on which the Marshal seized him by the hair of the head with both his hands, and held on until one or more persons in the office sprang forward to assist the Marshal.

The deponent further says, that seeing his grandson thus roughly handled, and thinking his life was in danger, he made efforts to protect him, in which he was taken hold of, forced out of the office, and the door closed upon him; that after waiting on the outside a short time the door was opened, and his grandson came out with his hair disheveled, and appearing as if he had been brutally treated.

The deponent further says that being called upon to make his affidavit in the case, he has, without undertaking to relate all the oaths and blasphemous expressions of Marshal Rynders, or describe the unprovoked and threatening manner of that official at length, or all the efforts made by the deponent to allay and suppress his hostility and violence, confined himself to giving the substance of what occurred, and further deponent says not.

LEWIS TAPPAN.

Affirmed to before me the 25th day of October, 1860. G. W. BAKER, Commissioner of Deeds.

AFFIDAVIT OF WILLIAM BARNEY.

City and County of New York, ss: William Barney, of the said city, being duly sworn, saith that he is a student at law in the office of William Curtis Noyes, Esq., of said city; that said Noyes mentioned to the deponent on the morning of Friday, the 19th October, 1860, the fact of having been requested to take measures to get the three colored boys, recently found on an abandoned slave vessel on or near the coast of Africa and brought into the port of New York, into the Colored Orphan Asylum, in order that they might be there received and educated without charge.

That Noyes requested deponent to look into the statutes and decisions, and to make inquiries in regard to the matter, with a view to ascertain if such a disposition could, or could not lawfully be made of them, with the assent of the authorities of the general government, including the United States Marshal for the southern district of New York; that Mr. Noyes referred deponent to the statutes and to some of the decisions, and requested him also to speak with deponent's grandfather, Mr. Lewis Tappan, about the matter, and to take such other steps as to obtaining information as he should think proper.

That in conformity with such request deponent went immediately to the office of Mr. Tappan, No. 48 Beekman street, and, after some conversation, Mr. Tappan suggested as the most proper course that they should go together to the office of the Marshal, which they accordingly did, and on arriving there were shown into what they were told was the Marshal's private room. That on deponent and Mr. Tappan's entering said room they found Mr. Rynders, the Marshal, seated at a desk with his hat on. That there were in the same room from eight to fifteen men standing or sitting and apparently engaged in political conversation. That on entering the office Mr. Tappan addressed the Marshal in a courteous manner and tone, saying, "I believe this is the Marshal," at the same time slightly bowing to Mr. Rynders, who replied, "I am the Marshal". Mr. Tappan then said, in substance, "I believe you have three African boys in your custody?" The Marshal replied, in rather a harsh manner, "Yes, I have, and I am going to send them to Baltimore to-morrow". He further said that he had twenty different similar applications. Mr. Tappan then asked the Marshal in the same manner in which he had commenced the conversation, whether he felt it obligatory upon him, or whether he had strict orders from the government to refuse all applications from responsible and respectable persons for the education and maintainance of the children, and whether, if suitable arrangements would be made, the government would not like to be rid of the expense of sending them to Africa.

The Marshal hereupon, without further provocation, burst out into exceedingly violent, blasphemous and vulgar language, directing the same in the main, towards Mr. Tappan, and continuing for some minutes, during a part of which time he was upon his feet, and several times shaking his fists in the face of Mr. Tappan; that during this time one or more of the men in the room applauded the Marshal by stamping their feet, and endeavored by words to assist or encourage him in his violent proceedings.

That deponent distinctly remembers the said Marshal, during the utterance of the aforesaid violent burst of language, to have used, in a very violent and angry manner, words to the following effect: "I would like to know what you God-damned abolitionists come around here to bother me for. I hate your damned hypocritical philanthrophy, why don't you look after poor white people; but no, it is the nigger." To which Mr. Tappan replied: "We care for all; we support Mr. Pease's mission for poor white folks." "Yes, you bind them out," said the Marshal, and then further said in effect, "I would like to hang every damned nigger so high that God Almighty could not cut him down. I would like to hang you."—That while thus speaking the said Marshal was jumping up and down and shaking his fists in the face of Mr. Tappan, and directing the said words towards him; that Mr. Tappan, hereupon remarked, in calm and somewhat pleasant manner, something to this effect: "I have no doubt, if the time comes, you will hang me in your best style."

That the said Marshal then used towards Mr. Tappan words to the following effect: "I hate your damned calmness and moderation, it makes me mad; I hate you; I want you to hate me."—Mr. Tappan replied, in his former tone and manner, "I hate no one, not even the devil." The Marshal rejoined in substance "you do not, because you love the devil and his works." Mr. Tappan said, "I do not hate you, Marshal Rynders, I wish you well."

That about this time a man who appeared to be connected with the office approached the Marshal's desk and said something about the interruption of business, on which Mr. Tappan expressed regret at causing any interruption of business, and bowing, turned to leave. That the Marshal then in a very violent manner said, "I am always ready to attend to business, but I won't be troubled by these damned interruptions of you abolitionists."—That said Lewis replied in a calm manner, in substance: "I hope never to trouble you, but shall come to the office of the United States Marshal whenever business leads."

That Mr. Tappan then turned to leave the office when, just as he reached the door, Marshal Rynders rushed towards him, shook his fists in his face and drew back to strike him whereupon deponent stepped in between them, saying, in substance, "You must not strike my grandfather while I am by."

That the said Marshal then immediately caught deponent round the chest, and endeavored to hold him. That deponent shook him off, and he then caught deponent again from behind, and while deponent was struggling to release himself, and before he could do so, he was set upon by one or more of the men in the room, and violently dragged by the hair of the head across the room, from the door to the corner farthest from the door.—That on extricating himself from his assailants, deponent was again immediately surrounded; the Marshal then shook his fists at deponent, saying that he would teach him how to behave, that he had not got done with deponent, and he would cut his ear off, at the same time fumbling in his pocket as if for a knife. That deponent then avowed his intention of defending his grandfather at all hazards.

That the said Marshal thereupon turned towards Mr. Tappan, who was standing in the middle of the said office with persons round about him; that deponent moved forward to defend said Mr. Tappan, but was again seized by persons in said office and dragged to the door of said office, and was requested to go out; that the deponent declined doing so unless accompanied by Mr. Tappan; that said Tappan was then ejected from said office; that deponent attempting to follow was prevented by two or three of the men placing themselves with outstretched arms in the doorway, said Marshal standing before them; that said Marshal then said in effect, 'I have not done with you yet, and will cut your ear off if you try to leave this room"; that deponent replied in effect, "That he would defend his grandfather to the last drop of his blood."

That deponent there stood, expecting an attack from the Marshal, and keeping his eye upon him so as to be ready to defend himself, if necessary. That the Marshal after a short interval, during which the men at the door remained in the same position, ceased his hostile attitude and expressions, and in an altered and conciliatory tone said to deponent, "Did you say that was your grandfather?" to which deponent replied in the affirmative, having already before repeatedly stated the same fact to said Rynders, and the Marshal then said, "If he is your grandfather, you did right to defend him;" and added other expressions of his approval of deponent's conduct, and endeavored to shake hands with deponent, stating at the same time that he did not intend to strike Mr. Tappan, but only to ask him to leave the office, as he now did the deponent. The men in the doorway then made way for deponent to leave, which he did, and rejoined Mr. Tappan in the outer room, when they immediately left the office of the Marshal and went to No. 50 Wall street.

WILLIAM BARNEY.

Sworn to before me this 25th day of October, 1860.

A. WILDER, Notary Public.

From the Free Church Portfolio.

DR. CHEEVER.

We have read the history of persecution till our blood boiled with indignation; and we felt heartily ashamed of being connected with the race that could furnish such perpetrators of crime. We sometimes have thought that this age has reached a point of civilization which allays all fears that the bloody scenes of former days could ever be re-enacted here. But the unscrupulous and relentless hate of the men in New York who are hunting down Dr. Cheever, convinces us that mankind is the same now that it ever has been, and all that is necessary to light the fires of Smithfield in Union Square is the countenance and authority of *law*. These persecutors of Dr. Cheever are mean as well as bold. If they do not like the preaching of their minister, why not take their certificates and go away to some other church where compromise and silence have undisturbed possession? But no. They still claim their rights as voters, and some of them have "*knocked off their stipends,*" as they say in the West, and exercise the full power of a vote, which they hold by the yearly payment of a mere trifle. The children of these men who are now dogging the footsteps of Dr. Cheever in England, will yet blush when they read the "Protest", the record of their fathers' shame. The present state of things will not last forever. The urn of destiny is revolving; and those who are now down, will in due time be uppermost. Then will be the triumph day of the truth. Then justice will be done to the men who now are daring all things and suffering all things in the cause of a pure religion and a sound morality. How astonishing it is to see the editors of the New York *Independent*, Drs. Thompson and Bacon engaged in this unholy crusade against Cheever. Their hate seems to be refined and exquisite, such as has often been evinced by Jesuit Inquisitors when they stood by the rack and enjoyed the breaking of the bones and snapping of the tendons of some poor victim who incurred their suspicion. We cannot believe for a moment that these men hate Dr. Cheever because he is an Abolitionist. There must be some other cause sufficient to produce such an effect. We attribute it to *envy*; that mean, low vice which often deforms the character of great but not good men, and which the Bible declares to be "the rottenness of the bones." Cheevers position *is* enviable.—He is fighting the whole City of New York.—With his sling and stones which he found in the word of God, he has gone out to meet the whole army of proslavery Philistines, and is bound ultimately to put them to flight. Suppose on his return to his native land Dr. Thompson should be in the same church when the table of the Lord is spread for communion, how could he sit down with the man he has so injured and give him the right hand of Christian fellowship? And if he did, what would a high-minded spectator, a man of the world, think, when he remembered the editorials of the *Independent* against Cheever and how they reeked with cold-blooded malice. In his course toward Dr. Cheever, Dr. Thompson seems to us to be building up the cause of Christ with his left hand while he is pulling down with his right. What effect must all this have upon the thousands of candid and honorable men who are calm spectators and judges of the scene. Will they not involuntarily say of Religion, what Madame Rolland, on her way to the guillotine at Paris said of liberty?—"Oh Religion, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

From the Bristol (Eng.) Mercury, Sept. 15.

CONDITION OF THE SLAVES IN CANADA.

The Rev. William Troy, a colored minister, delivered an address on Thursday evening, at the Old King street Baptist school room, on the moral and religious condition of the fugitive slaves of Canada. The chairman (the Rev. F. Bosworth) having opened the proceedings with prayer, the lecturer commenced by adverting to the laws of the Southern States of America, which allowed the slave owner to consider his slaves as part of his goods and chattels, which he might sell or mortgage as real estate. They were not allowed to receive any education, and had no opportunity for caring for their spiritual welfare. Since the year 1720, when the first twenty slaves were taken to America, there had been continual sorrow, weeping, groans and shedding of tears among the African race; and if, said the speaker, he stood before them until he grew old with age, he could not tell them all the scenes of cruelty and misery he himself had witnessed. He said that this contempt with which they were treated by the laws of the American States had followed them into Canada. He regretted that the fugitive slaves of Canada should be thought so degraded; he would admit that, not having opportunities for education, they were ignorant, and his great wonder was that they were not worse than they were. There were about 45,000 fugitive slaves in Canada, who have escaped from the slave States, and were enjoying the privileges of freedom; and yet even in the town of Windsor, in Canada West, where he resided, the prejudice against people of color had so followed them from the States that his children were not allowed to attend the schoolhouse, for which he, in company with others of the colored population, paid annual taxes. Upon his remonstrating with the trustees of the school, they told him that if he would find a person who would teach a class of colored children they would try to obtain a separate school for them. Thus, though they paid taxes for school education, they were denied its privileges; as their only chance of improvement was education, they had built schools and chapels of their own. In speaking of the industry of the fugitive slaves, the lecturer said he had known a number of instances in which they had learned trades and supported themselves and families shortly after their arrival. They cultivated the ground equally as well as their neighbors, and some of them had managed to purchase farms of fifty to two hundred acres. There were about eight hundred in the town of Windsor, several of whom were men of property. As regarded their morals, because they were not all moral, it was said they were all degraded. It was impossible, he said, that among forty thousand persons, there should be none found immoral. But it was the purpose of the pro-slavery party to make them appear to be prone to immorality and laziness, and therefore give out that it was infinitely better to keep them in a state of bondage. If a black man became a member of a church, he must take his seat away up in the gallery; if the Lord's supper was administered, the colored members were compelled to wait till the white men had partaken, when they came down afterward and shared in the communion by themselves. There was a disposition in them to love the worship of God, and a willingness to hear the Gospel. He had preached to two thousand of these persons at a time, and whenever they heard of Christ and him crucified, they seemed anxious to listen to what the preacher said. This evinced their improved moral condition, and was sufficient to contradict the assertions of their enemies about their degraded condition. The speaker alluded to the destitute condition of the fugitives upon their arrival, some of them having come from a distance of 1,500 miles. He had seen men arrive with their legs frostbitten by the severities of the weather, and women carrying their children in their arms who had traveled an incredible distance, during the depth of winter, and who had wept tears of joy when first setting foot on free soil. He related a touching incident of a fugitive slave mother, who, rather than allow her children whom she had rescued to return to slavery, cut their throats in the presence of their captors. The speaker concluded by appealing to his audience to assist the fugitive slaves of Canada in building schools and places of worship, where they might be educated and taught the blessings to be derived from a knowledge of the Gospel of Christ.

REV. ANTHONY BEWLEY—HIS MURDER BY A MOB CONFIRMED

Rev. H. W. South, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, writes the Texas Christian Advocate as follows, fully confirming the report (heretofore denied) of the murder of the Rev. Anthony Bewley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by a mob in Texas:

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I was in the vicinity of Fort Worth yesterday, and since my last trip up to this region of country things have undergone a change, which makes it strictly necessary for me to write you these hasty lines, that you may be fully set right in your information from this country. I see in your paper of Septemper 27th, an extract from a letter from me in relation to Rev. Mr. Bewley, of Fort Worth notoriety. At the time I wrote, I gave you what were the facts at my late visit to Fort Worth vicinity. But I wrote after returning to Alta Spring, over a hundred miles from Fort Worth. I now find on this visit to this country, that since I was here before, *the said Mr. Bewley was followed to the vicinity of Springfield, Mo., taken and brought back to Fort Worth, and on the 13th of September, 1860, was hung on the same limb of the tree on which Mr. Crawford had been hung before.* The letter found near Fort Worth and published in your paper some time ago, was certainly addressed to Rev. Mr. Bewley. It is further said here, that the son-in-law of Rev. Mr. Bewley, Rev. Mr. Willett, has been taken in Missouri, and is now on his way back to Fort Worth, where he will hang on the same limb. This part of information is by letter from the eastward to a gentleman in Fort Worth. The information in relation to Mr. Bewley is *true*. I regret that the thing has got into confusion. At the time I was here prior to this, I wrote the facts. But he has been brought back since, and was hung, I suppose, about the date of my letter to you or perhaps, a few days prior to that time. You, however, have the precise date in this, of his execution, and I think there is but little doubt that Rev. Mr. Willett is on his way back—a few days will determine that—if he is, he will certainly hang on the same tree.

I write in haste and am particular that there may be no mistake. The excitement has pretty much abated, yet Vigilant Committees are on the look-out; no one, however, seems to apprehend much further trouble.

DANCING BY CHURCH MEMBERS.—It is well known that many of the great dignitaries who managed the Ball to the Prince in New York, are in high standing as church members, and pay their money freely to print tracts upon the sin of dancing. Yet they caved in upon this occasion, as usual, when great folks give sanction to awful wickedness. A correspondent says that "Notwithstanding the statement, by the religious papers of the week, published the day before, that the wife of Gov. Morgan—who is a member of Rev. Dr. Potts, (Presbyterian) Church—had *positively declined* the invitation to open the Ball by dancing the first set with the Prince, on the ground that she could not compromise her religious profession by attending and taking part in a Ball, '*even to do honor to royalty itself.*' Mrs. M. was there, and seemed to feel that she was receiving rather than bestowing honor by dancing with his Lordship! It remains to be seen whether her standing in the Church will be forfeited by this act. Many are of opinion that, as she is the wife of a very rich man, and one in authority, she will be allowed to remain in the fold on condition she don't do so again. I may add that Rev. Dr. Bellows (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Bethune (Reformed Dutch), and several other clergymen were present, and seemed to enjoy the occasion none the less on account of their Ecclesiastical relations."—[Provincetown Banner.

FROM HAYTI.

We have to-day received Hayti papers up to the 6th ult. with the latest details of Hayti news.

James Redpath a well known abolitionist and friend of John Brown, was the recipient of a popular ovation at Port au Prince on the 17th of September, on the occasion of his return to the United States. The *Progress* says:

"James Redpath—such is the name that we now seek to honor—James Redpath, one of the most active members of the abolition party—James Redpath, the indefatigable emancipationist, one of the glorious survivors of Harpers Ferry—the admirer of the admirable John Brown, and the recipient of his last words."

Thursday, September 27th, was the day, and the large *Hotel des Antilles* the place chosen for the ovation so marked by true confidence and hearty cordiality.

M. J. M. Duval, President of the Assembly, opened the exercises by saying:

"Gentlemen: On this occasion let us give a new testimony of acknowledgement to all those who preach Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The first toast is to him whose incessant labors aid the triumph of the sacred cause of liberty and the regeneration of the African race—Mr. James Redpath."

Mr. Redpath, in reply, delivered a speech in English, which was rendered in French as he spoke by a gentleman present. After thanking his entertainers for the honor done him, and alluding to the work of the abolitionists, he said.

"The groans of the slaves, the prayers of their friends, the blood of the martyrs of Harpers Ferry have been heard before the Tribunal of the Eternal. The great wrong will soon come to an end. Let us hope it will be accomplished as peacefully as in Jamaica. I trust that in a few years we shall see slavery ranged among the things that were.

In the name of all abolitionists who seek by peaceible means to eradicate slavery, thank you, Haytians, for your sympathy; in the name of my dear friends, the survivors of Harpers Ferry and the family of John Brown, I heartily thank you for your generous gifts; in the name of those anti-slavery men who believe that the slaves ought to be delivered by force, and who are always ready to aid in such undertaking, I thank thee, beautiful Hayti, country of Petion and Dessalines, for the lesson thy history teaches and the hope it inspires.

Before taking my seat, gentlemen, I beg of you to add to the favors you have already bestowed upon me, that of drinking with me to Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—the liberty of all men, the fraternity of all races, the equality of all men of all races, and in all parts of the earth."

President Geffard was not present, but sent to the meeting assurances of his approval of its objects.

Among other sentiments offered during the evening were the following.

"Honor, honor, honor to Thaddeus Hyatt the fervent abolitionist, the soldier of the great cause, the apostle of humanity, the friend of John Brown and Redpath."

"Honor, a thousands times honor to the memory of our well-beloved brother and our excellent friend John Brown, the illustrious martyr of the cause of African freedom. May he enjoy the benediction of God."

"Let us drink to the Master of Thought, the King of Poesy, to the grandest and most beautiful personification of modern democracy—let us drink to Victor Hugo."

"To M. D. Lamartine, the great Philosopher of the Nineteenth Century.

May this illustrious writer, who has already given so many proofs of his sympathy for the Haytians, always shows himself to be a worthy apostle of the liberty of the blacks. Let the name of this defender of the African cause be upon our lips as it is in our hearts; his devotion to the noble cause he defends renders him more and more worthy of our admiration.

To Monsieur de Lamartine, the courageous defender of the children of Africa!"

After dinner, Mr. Redpath was escorted by a torch-light procession to the bark "Lex," and sailed with cheers.

LETTER FROM INDIANA.

ANGOLA, Oct. 24, 1860.

The minister at Orland last Sunday, called Purgatory a hospital, which is without doubt a correct and timely discovery. The wholesome unhappiness of this country, produced by the burden of slaveholding and the consciousness of the crime, for which no remedy has yet been found either in the Government or the Church, seems bent upon being cured—if cured at all—in some such hospital treatment; and one can hardly refrain from the opinion, that the sooner the Diognosis is pronounced, and the remedy applied the better.

The conservative American church, in regard to slavery is unquestionably entirely powerless, from the fact that it is as great a slaveholder as any 'Body' else, and is therefore only a 'terror' to Abolitionists, who deny the authority of any Church, to make 'merchandise of men.' Everybody is seized with a desire to know, whether the Government is in a better condition to oppose slavery, than the church; and hence we see the deep interest of the people, to find the exact position of the political parties.

Candid observers will not fail to see that the Democracy stands where it *has* stood, upon legalized slavery, and that alone. If they cannot maintain that ground, they will turn their weapons against the Government and destroy it. The same candor brings us to the conclusion that the Republican party, loving the Federal Union more than Freedom, will come to the rescue of the Government by allaying and neutralizing the anti-slavery sentiment within its own party, and as far as possible, crushing the spirit of abolitionism from without. In its administration of the Government, it will occupy a more formidable position, and do more to accomplish this object than the Democratic party could now do. In the exclusion of slavery from Kansas by Federal enactment, and in giving protection to it in Arkansas by a Fugitive Slave Law, they will prove what the Bingham, Giddings and Sumner school say, the first Congress in our grand reign of Independence denied; viz, that the Constitution did 'operate on any class of men, black or white, as property.' This must satisfy the South on the grand point of legalized slavery. In return for the protection of the soil, and free labor in Kansas, the Free State men are expected to surrender the rights of four millions of slaves and their posterity forever; to raise the means to defend the National Flag upon every sea, and all over this continent; and more than that, Mr. Seward told the people of Kansas the other day, in his expansive views of our National conquests, that Great nations require something more than wealth; they need intelligence, vigor and energy, among the people. You are,' said he, 'to-day planted here, where, if as they apprehend, the slaves become discontented and the people of the Slave States are to be protected, you are the very men upon whom they must rely for that protection; you are the men to defend them. Give men freedom, then every free man will give you a return—an equivalent for it; deny them that, and every man becomes an alien, an enemy, under the Government. You remember how feeble and defenceless we Free State men were two years ago. You see now, that we are established in Kansas, upon the Pacific ocean, in the centre of the continent, and we might almost say that

"We are monarch's of all we survey."

'and this success' he says; 'has been obtained amid reproach, invective, and by resisting force, fraud, and the power of the Federal Government', the flag of whose standard they are now to raise the means to defend. And, as a compensation for the protection of a victory thus achieved, the Free State men, are the very men who are expected to defend Missouri slaveholders against their discontented slaves. That is the exact policy of the Fathers. Massachusetts came into the Union by contracting with South Carolina to surrender a portion of her natural rights, for certain acquired rights or benefits to be derived by the Union. Samuel Adams, the man of the Revolution once said, with individual unction as he saw a slave girl sitting by his fire, 'no slave crosses the threshhold of Sam Adams—she is free.' But South Carolina bound him in the contract, in case a fugitive slave should escape, to allow his master to pursue, capture, and upon his hearth-stone, bind, and carry him back to hopeless bondage.

Kansas fought her way into the Union, by defending her right to the soil, and the labor on the soil, against Missouri and the Government; and for protection to that right, is bound to protect Missouri against her slaves, and raise the means to protect the national flag all over the continent. The Dred Scott decision could only *establish* slavery in Kansas, but the *Free State* men and the Republican party will *defend* it, throughout the Union; and thus while they 'allayed sectional parties and sectional strifes,' the issue of the Republican party accomplishes that which the Democracy despairs of doing, 'averts civil war.'

That the Church, and the Government, would sooner enslave four millions more, than abate the power and profit derived from slavery by theft, is sufficiently demonstrable, and hence they are satisfied with the contract. If the rights and conscience of the people had no claim to respect, this settlement of the question would perhaps cost less than any other. But the test of individual life and character which God is ever seeking to introduce, demands something higher in the grade of civilization. Political platforms may test the ambition of the Government, but do they not falsify the wishes, and the intentions of the people? In northern Indiana, we find a willingness and an expressed determination among the masses, to violate and annul contracts and enactments, that demand the surrender of manhood, labor, property or soil, to support slavery; and it will be an unpardonable oversight, if this manly element is left ungoverned and unmarshalled. The effort of the masses of Republicans in our anti-slavery meetings in this State and Ohio, is to prove their hatred of slavery, and their intention to oppose it wherever it exists—a fact worthy of consideration, showing clearly that freedom, not Union, will be the wants of the people. The intelligent opposition of the Republican party, as such, is pro-slavery; but the men of the party, oppose our affirmation of what they cannot see, the doubtful character, and legal disabilities of their position. Better take them at their word, and as they are ready to work, work should be given them to do. Let the line of Canada, be brought down to Mason and Dixon's line, and slave property depreciated in the free States, and let full scope be given to the operative energies of all anti-slavery agencies, both men and women.

Our meetings at Orland, Lexington, and Brushy Prairie, were of a serious and interesting character. The minister of the M. E. Church at Orland, refused to read a notice of the anti-slavery meeting to be held in the Baptist Church, and a boy, 'greater in the Kingdom of Heaven' than he, went into his place, and announced it in his hearing. In the ages to come such ministers will doubtless be exhumed from the ruins of buried Churches, and exhibited as relics of heathen antiquity. All things, have their use.

After our Convention in Michigan, the 17th and 18th of November, we expect to move westward in the prosecution of our work, and hope to find the people ready. Yours truly,

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—John Brown of Osawatomie.

SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Convention of Last year having proved so eminent a success, it is thought desirable, in the present important stage of the Anti-Slavery cause to repeat it.

The Second Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of Michigan, will accordingly be held in ADRIAN, commencing on SATURDAY the 17th of November 1860, at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon. It is confidently expected and believed that all who love truth and liberty more than party or sectarian thraldom, will as far as possible attend and aid all in their power, both before and at the Convention, to make this one of the most important gatherings ever held in the State.

Among the Speakers will be Mrs. Josephine Griffing, so well and so favorably known in this State, Parker Pillsbury, of Boston, and Giles B. Stebbins, of Ann Arbor.

ADRIAN, Oct. 25, 1860.

THANKSGIVING.—The 29th of November is the day appointed by Gov. Dennison for the people of this State to observe as Thanksgiving.

LINCOLN ELECTED.—We suppose this is no news to any of our readers. The Democrats have gone into mourning, and the Republicans are sharpening their teeth for official pickings; in the meanwhile the mission of the Disunionist is to distinctly and faithfully rebuke the wrong wherever found, and to maintain the right of all men to be free, no matter who may oppose.

SECESSION NOT NULLIFICATION.

THE ONE CONSTITUTIONAL, THE OTHER UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

On our first page will be found a couple of articles in relation to what is termed 'The Disunion Plot,' and treating upon the right of Southern States to secede in the event of Lincoln's election. Those who write and speak in opposition to secession, almost always assume that it is unconstitutional—an overt act of treason. This is owing, perhaps, to their confounding Secession with Nullification, a withdrawal *from* the Union, with resistance to its laws while remaining in the Union.

Whoever will calmly and dispassionately look at the question of Secession, will, we think, be constrained to admit that any state has a Constitutional right to withdraw from the Union for any reason whatever which is satisfactory to itself. And while claiming the right of northern states to secede because of the support which their partnership in the Union compels them to give slavery, we are equally ready to defend the right of the southern States to secede because of the election of Lincoln or Douglas, or if they regard it as a sufficient reason, because there are heavy frosts north of Mason and Dixon's line.

The Right of Secession is a State right; belonging to the State in its organic capacity, and belonging to the people as the constituents of the State. It is the very essence of despotism to assume, that because a State is willing to-day to confederate with other States, that that partnership shall therefore exist until the end of Time; and that no matter what changes may be made in the terms of partnership, that no matter what other obligations may be imposed upon the members, that State is forever and irrevocably bound to remain a partner. And to assert that the people of a State have the authority to not only bind themselves to the observance of certain conditions, but also bind their children and their children's children for unnumbered generations, is to annihilate the free agency of posterity, and to convert all who come after into mere machines, into governmental pawns to be used solely with reference to the success of the politician who moves them.

The Federal government has no other powers than those conferred upon it by the States respectively, and the States have all the just powers of government save those which they delegated to the general government. Each State promised obedience to the United States so long as it remained one of them; and should South Carolina while in the Union attempt to nullify the revenue law, or Ohio attempt to nullify the fugitive slave law, the United States government has the delegated authority to compel submission, and her officers can point to the chapter and section of the Constitution which is their warrant. But when a State secedes from the Union, asking, on the one hand, naught from the Federal government, and on the other hand, yielding it no obedience, there is no clause to be found in the Constitution authorizing the President to compel submission. The secession of South Carolina would no more change the character of the United States government, its authority and power, than did the admission of Oregon; and the only difference between the acts of going out and coming in, is, that in admitting new members to the firm it requires the consent of those already in the partnership, while a withdrawal can be accomplished by the sole action of the seceding State. And this is so, because *admission* into the Union is a power delegated to the general government, while *secession* from the Union is a right reserved by the States, each to itself respectively. If in addition to the act of secession there should be a conflict between the seceding State and the United States, even that would not be a traitorous act, but simply an act of war, for no one can be a traitor to a government to which he owes no allegiance.

The Constitution of the United States is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, but subject to change. Indeed, a formidable array of amendments which follow as its rear guard, give unmistakable evidence that in the estimation of the people it is an instrument not altogether perfect, but which has been changed, and may be again changed, and changed so as materially to affect the rights and obligations of its supporters. There is, in fact, but one portion of the Constitution but may be changed by a constitutional majority and in a constitutional manner. Suppose it should be so amended as to declare that what was property in one State, if carried into another State should be protected as property there; that any branch of commerce legalized by the laws of one State, should be recognized as legitimate in all the States. This, of course, would constitutionally establish slavery and the slave trade throughout the Union. Would Ohio in such case be bound to remain in the Union, or under the supposed circumstances would she have the right to secede? We presume that all the Buckeyes would then be secessionists, and claim for themselves the right to do what they now deny to the South. It would then be *your* bull goring *our* ox.

The secession of a single State is a matter very easily effected; and in 1843 we were assured on good authority that the dissolution of the present confederacy could be readily and justly accomplished. Ex-President Adams, Ex Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, Ex-Governor Slade of Vermont, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, and sixteen other members of Congress, solemnly declared in view of the annexation of Texas, 'We hesitate not to say, that annexation, effected by any act or proceeding of the Federal government, or any of its departments, *would be identical with dissolution*.' And they further declared that such a measure, 'so injurious to the interests and abhorrent to the feelings of *the people of the free States*, will, in our opinion, not only inevitably result in a dissolution of the Union, *but fully justify it*.' There is the right, not only of secession—a retail process—but of dissolution—a wholesale measure—distinctly avowed, and based too, on sectional grounds. Nothing has occurred since 1843 to invalidate that right, and we place ourselves by the side of the men named and their coadjutors in defending it, whether exercised by the North or by the South.

The idea of the eternity of governmental compacts belongs—if anywhere—to a past age, and too often involves the idea of the centralization of political power, a principle and practice toward which this government is fast drifting, and the establishment of which is the best security for despotism. Our fathers had no such idea when they dissolved the Union of confederate States, and formed what is now the Federal Union. The compact between Rhode Island and North Carolina and the eleven other States was dissolved, and another one formed without the approval of the States named. The eleven States which had formed between themselves and the other two, 'articles of confederation and *perpetual union*,' individually acted upon the right of secession, leaving Rhode Island and North Carolina out in the cold. Having learned by experience, the articles of the new confederation did not bind to a 'perpetual union,' as did those of the old; and while each State carried with it into the Federal Union the right of secession, the perpetuity of the Union was left an open question.

OUTRAGE IN KANSAS.—A letter which we have copied from the *Leavenworth Times* gives a narrative of the action of the U. S. troops towards some of the settlers of Kansas. It should perhaps, be taken with allowance, for we are sorry to say that among some of the settlers in that territory there exists a feeling that 'the red man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect.' Indian reservations have been settled upon by whites, some, perhaps, ignorant that they were trespassing. The red man's rights should be protected in Kansas, not with outrage, but with such legal force as is necessary. Although it has been urged that the soil of Kansas should be preserved for 'free white labor' it should not be forgotten that the red man has reserved lands there, to which his right should be defended even against laborers and settlers who wear a fairer skin.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.—Accounts from New York inform us that the State has gone unmistakably, and by a large majority for Lincoln; whether the vote to extend the right of suffrage to the colored man has been carried by the same majority, or lost by as great a number, we shall probably not be able to learn for some time yet.

MAKE IT UNANIMOUS.—Inasmuch as the popular vote of the entire country is so heavily in favor of Lincoln, would it not be well for politicians to follow in this case the example of Nominating Conventions, and by resolution declare his election unanimous.

THE GHOST OF JOHN BROWN WALKS IN VIRGINIA.—The telegraph informs us that Gov. Letcher of Virginia, has given orders to have a sufficient military force ready to take the field at a moment's warning, being moved thereto by the reception of anonymous letters, threatening insurrection. The chivalry will either see, or fancy they see, the ghost of John Brown on the anniversary of his murder.

A STABLE REPUBLIC.—A brother editor says, "No Republic is stable but ours." Very true!—It is a stable in which more than three thousand oxen have been fed, and is more filthy, and more laborious to cleanse than the celebrated Augean stable through which Hercules turned the current of a river.

A POLITICAL EPITAPH.—Many years ago, Elwood Fisher predicted that the epitaph which in a future age would be inscribed upon our political tablet, would read as follows:—

"Here lies a people, who, in striving to give liberty to the negro, lost their own freedom."

And Elwood Fisher was mightily mistaken.—Unless we speedily observe a fast of national repentance, our own epitaph will be more likely to read:—

Here lies a people, who, in enslaving the negro, became themselves enslaved.

NO SHAVING ON SUNDAY.—The principal barbers in Bangor, Me., give notice that they will not manipulate the faces of customers on Sunday; also, that they shall prosecute any of the fraternity that shall do so."

The first part of the resolve—not to shave customers on Sunday—may have had its origin in conscientious scruples, but the second part—to prosecute those who do—looks very much as though they were actuated more by a wish to keep others from getting the dimes, than simply by a desire to glorify God.

OUTRAGES BY U. S. TROOPS IN SOUTHERN KANSAS.

We find the following letter in the Leavenworth Times, dated

MAPLETON, Oct. 25, 1860.

There is at present a revival of the excitement of other days in Southern Kansas. The scene is removed a little further South than on former occasions, but there is the same "irrepressible" invective underlying it all. During the last few days there has been an exhibition of one of the most barbarous spectacles, on what is termed the Cherokee neutral lands, ever known in any civilized community. For the last six years, that district, which embraces an area some twenty-five miles by forty, has been filling up with honest and industrious pioneers, who have settled there for permanent homes, and in as good faith as any citizen of Kansas. They have made all the ordinary improvements, and are surrounded by crops and herds, like the old residents in other counties.

A few mornings since they were surprised by the report that the United States troops were on the way from the South, to drive them from their premises. In a few hours, the report was confirmed by the appearance of the Indian Agent, whom they call Col. Cowan, accompanied by a company of cavalry, sixty in number, commanded by Capt. Sturgess. They commenced immediately applying the torches to the dwellings of the settlers, travelling northward with their work of devastation and ruin. Nearly all the settlers on what is called the "Light Creek Settlement" were thus visited by them. They came on Cow Creek's branch of the Dry Wood, and there showed the same relentless spirit. The news of their destructive raid travelled before them, and the settlers on Dry Wood rallied to the number of three or four hundred, who sent a committee of conference to visit the "Col." The committee contended that whatever might be his right to disturb the settlers further south, that they, on the Dry Wood, were on what is called "the eight mile strip," and that they were on no part of the Cherokee tract, but on lands not subject to pre-emption. At least, they contended that the question was in a measure unsettled, that they should be allowed to remain until a new survey could be made, and the whole matter legally adjusted.

To hasten our particulars, something that they call a "treaty" was finally agreed to, and a written pledge was signed on the part of the citizens, that they would abandon that district previous to the 20th of November next, provided the agent would spare their dwellings at this time, and leave the country. Accordingly the incendiary withdrew, but threatened them in this wise as he was leaving: that, if every man of them did not leave before the day specified, he would burn, not only their houses, next time, but all their feed, grain, and everything he could find valuable.

When this news came to our citizens in this portion of the country, they immediately sent down delegations to learn the facts and report.—Some of those gentlemen have returned, and report a most distressing scene. Seventy-four homes have been burned, and at least one hundred families turned out upon the bare prairies, all by that subtle acquaintance of ours called the power of the Federal Government. I have, during the last twenty-four hours, conversed with at least twenty persons from that county, and all give it as the saddest scene ever witnessed in Kansas. Women and children are now sheltered in the bushes along the creeks, mourning their hard fate. They feel disconsolate—almost sick of life. Some say they would as soon die as leave the country they have been laboring so hard to improve during the last six years. In fact, the whole community are quite discouraged, and know not what to do. They almost seem deserted—as cast out from everybody. If they don't belong to Kansas, or to anywhere else, and no arm appears to protect them, or show them any sympathy in this sad hour, what they ask, is to be their fate?

A meeting was held last evening, at Marmaton, some four miles this side of the land referred to. It was largely attended, both by delegations from the Dry Wood and other portions of the county. All I have here written was more than confirmed by those who spoke. One gentleman stated that he knew of a case where this Col. Cowan came to a house in which a lady was sick, having a child but two days old. All their pleading was in vain. He ordered his men to carry her out on her bed and lay her upon the prairie.—His orders were obeyed, when he ordered the house to be fired, she lying, thus outraged and unprotected, in full view of the building. What savage heart was ever more destitute of humanity?

But, this letter will contain but the beginning of the chapter, and I must close by saying—the future is ominous. There is a plot underlying all this, well known in this community. A mass meeting is called at Cato, on the Dry Wood, next Wednesday. The indignation is very general, and the excitement high. I understand a committee is now on the way to see Gov. Medary.

Yesterday morning, just after Capt. Sturgess' company had started South, a messenger arrived—on his third horse—from Fort Leavenworth, with orders for him to start for that place immediately.

From the Liberator.

THE QUAKERS.

At a Republican meeting in Georgetown, Mass. the following song, entitled 'The Quakers are Out,' written by John G. Whittier, was read:

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
The buds of our hope are burst out into flowers!
No room for misgiving—no loop-hole of doubt—
We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;
The bribe goes a begging; the fusion won't stick;
When the Wide-Awake lanterns are shining about
The rogues stay at home, the true men come out!

The good State has broken the cords for her spun—
Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one;
The Dutchman has seasoned with freedom his krout,
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out!

Give the flags to the winds!—set the hills all aflame!
Make way for the man with the patriarch's name!
Away with misgivings—away with all doubt—
For LINCOLN goes in when the Quakers come out!

☞ As an improvement upon these lines of Whittier, an esteemed Quaker friend (who makes no pretentions to poetical talent) sends us the following:—

'THE QUAKERS ARE OUT.'

The Quakers are out! They had better stay in,
Than mix with the world in political din;
What tho' the earth's potsherds together may smite?
Keep the eye firmly fix'd and unmoved on the right.

Leave President-making to those who profess
Of two evils duty points to accepting the less;
Though somehow the less we chance always to find
Is the evil to which they're most strongly inclined.

Quaker voter, it is certain, in common with theirs,
In the fore-front of naval and martial affairs
Put the fortunate rival, in case they succeed;
But, if not, then the will must take place of the deed.

Whichever his compeers outstrip in the race,
They have started, each one, for preferment and place;
Constitutional pledges his acts must control,
Pledges every true freeman should spurn from his soul.

When the fugitive pants on the slave-hunted track,
And trembles in prospect of gibbet or rack,
The Compromise stands like a wall in the path,
And consigns him once more unto Slavery's wrath.

What a picture! for those who belong to the school
Which calls Scripture its *only* and *primary* rule,
Its exclusive standard of practice and faith,
And for every strange doctrine—'The Bible thus saith.'

That book which prohibits, with penalties stern,
Him escaped from his master again to return;
Or the wanderer weary and lone to bewray;
For vengeance is His, who will surely repay.

How can those who believe that to all outward guides
An internal teacher is added besides,
How can they, with such teachings, another depute
To do what they fear their own souls would imbrute?

Though the far-gleaming torch and the clamorous shout
Give signs that the seeker of office is out,
A victory more brilliant the Quakers would win,
By deciding for this once, at least, to stay in.

LYNN, 10th mo., 1860. O.

DELAWARE.—Slavery is very near its end in the little State of Delaware, and the nearer it approaches complete extinction, the greater is the prosperity of the State. The aggregate population has increased between 1850 and 1860, from 91,532 to 112,347. But the slave population has decreased, during the same period, from 2,290 to 1,806. The population of Delaware is but little over one fifth of that of Philadelphia, and there are several counties of the interior that contain as many inhabitants as she does. But she has her Representative in Congress, who in a Presidential election in the House, would have as much weight as the whole delegation of Pennsylvania; and she has her two Senators who have as much weight as those of any other State. Heretofore the influence of Delaware, in the national councils, has been on the side of Slavery. In the gradual extinction of the institution in her own borders, and in the speedy growth of the Republican party there, we see signs of the coming time when Delaware will be working heart and hand with the free labor States of the North.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HOW THE UNION IS TO BE DISSOLVED.—LOUISVILLE, Oct. 30.—This morning's Journal says that a remarkably shrewd and well informed politician, recently from Washington, states that some of the principal Breckinridge leaders from the South, including Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and Judge Meek, of Alabama, agreed last Thursday upon a plan of action in case of Lincoln's election, viz:

South Carolina, within thirty days after the election, would declare herself independent, and send an Ambassador to Washington, asking recognition. If recognized, other Southern States would follow suit, and after a sufficient number of States are thus recognized, a Southern Confederacy would be formed.

WE DON'T VOUCH FOR IT.—It is correctly reported in some quarter that Lincoln is elected. We give the rumor for what it is worth.

Receipts for the Bugle, from Oct. 24th to Nov. 7th.

Lyman Allen, Manaoah,	$1.50	to 836
Allen Parke, Newbury,	1.50	836
Triphena Reed, "	1.50	836
Wm. Stuck, Orland,	1.50	836
Harriet Jackson, Orland,	1.50	836
Benj. More, Rome,	1.50	836
Joseph Barnaby, Mt. Union,	1.50	836
Elisha Erwin, Bourbon,	1.50	837
Samuel A. Dunwell, Salon,	1.50	837
Stephen Dunwell, Bainbridge,	50	808
Alfred Witter, Connellsville,	50	808
George Vosburg, Cleveland,	1.50	837
H. T. Miller, "	1.50	837
C. L. Cox, "	1.50	837
W. & U. Beckenback, Cleveland,	1.50	837
C. M. Richardson, "	1.50	837
Harlan Wickersham, Green Hill,	1.50	837
Eli Taylor, "	1.50	837
Charles Garrigues, "	1.50	837
M. Swearengen, "	1.50	837
Oliver Taylor, "	1.50	837
Joseph Coulson, East Rochester,	1.50	837
Wm. A. Baxter, "	1.50	837
Sophia King, New Philadelphia,	1.50	837
Ira Borton, Yellow Creek,	2.00	853
C. S. Edson, Franklin Mills,	1.00	870
Nathan Marble, Port Byron,	1.00	787
D. T. Herriott, Hermitage,	1.00	858
Thomas Thompson, "	1.50	843
James Stewart, West Middlesex,	1.50	837
Jonathan Eaton, "	1.50	837
James Dunmire, "	1.50	837
Samuel Fuller, Hartford,	1.50	837
James Herriott, Jerome,	1.50	837
Ed. Garrigue, New Garden,	1.50	838
Kmeline Fawcett, Salem,	1.50	833
Emily Packer, New Garden,	1.50	838
Benj. McCan, "	1.50	838
Wm. Votaw, "	1.50	838
Joseph Ward, "	1.50	838
Wm. Galbreath, "	1.50	838
James B. Hogarty, Newark,	1.50	837
Mrs. E Case, Randolph,	1.50	851
Margaret Thomas, Mt. Union,	1.50	838
Zenus P. Edwards, Sandy,	1.50	838
Mrs. C. L. Church, Salem,	1.50	835
Hannah H. Moore, Ypsilanti,	1.00	821
Anna Mary Carver, Urichsville,	1.50	838
S. H. Adams "	1.50	838
A. T. Herrick, "	1.50	838
R. D. & W. T. Hines, Deersville,	1.50	838
Robert Pettis, "	75	812
R. H. Hanna, "	1.50	838
C. Arkle "	75	812
John C. Donnell, "	75	812
G. G. Clark, "	1.50	838
T. T. Simonton, "	1.50	838
L. McLarimer, Liberty,	1.50	838
Dr. J. Church, Springfield,	2.00	850
Adelia Penniman, Linesville,	75	812
Eliah Spalding, Penn Line,	75	812
Sidney Sheppard, "	1.00	821
Willard Lord, Harmansburg,	50	800
Elwin A. Sharpless, Lowellville,	1.00	821
R. H. Rogers, Castalia,	1.50	838
T. R. Davis, Sandusky City,	1.50	838
J. S. Cowdery, "	1.50	838

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

Miss FANN, who has been a teacher of instrumental music in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, and in the Willoughby Collegiate Institute, is at present located in this place, where she proposes to give instructions on the Piano and Melodean.—She brings with her high testimonials of her ability as a teacher, from Prof. Garfield at Hiram, and from others with whom she has been associated.

For further particulars enquire of John C. Whinery or Allen Boyle.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE!

Will be held at private sale, that desirable property situated in Knox Township, Columbiana co., Ohio; four and half miles south-east of Alliance, and one-fourth mile South of the Salem and Mt. Union road; formerly the property of Henry Cooper, but more recently owned by Joshua Lee. It contains 120 acres, 100 of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the remaining 20 acres being covered with timber. The improvements consist of a large substantial brick house two and a half stories high, with four rooms on a floor with a large hall both up stairs and down.—A large nearly new double decked barn with every thing about it in perfect order, wagon house with loft above and corn crib attached. Sheep house, hog house, wood house, spring house, drying house, blacksmith shop and a tenant house and barn. These buildings are all in fine condition, the most of them being nearly new, and for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed by any in the neighborhood. There is also upon the property an apple orchard of 100 trees bearing fruit of a superior quality. Also a peach orchard of 300 trees just in bearing order, a good stone and coal quarry, a never failing stream of water which passes through the barn yard, affording sufficient water for the stock. Besides this running stream, there is two never failing wells at the barn and two at the house, one of which contains soft and the other hard water; the different enclosures are so arranged that stock can obtain water at any time. This is a desirable property and worthy of the attention of any one desirous of purchasing; the land being of extra quality and considerably elevated, the buildings occupy a fine position and are a short distance from the public road. The farm would be suitable either for farming or grazing purposes, and would make a splendid country residence. It is contiguous to schools, mills, and places of public worship of various denominations. Any person wishing to view the premises will be shown the same by HENRY BROSIUS, residing thereon.

SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The next Quarterly Meeting of this Association, will hold next session, commencing 10½ o'clock Sunday the 11th of Nov., 1860, at Cool Springs Meeting house.

ESTHER HARRIS, ISAAC TRESCOTT. } *Clerks.*

VARIETY & NOTIONS.

Having just returned from the East, I take pleasure in announcing to my numerous customers and the public, that I have a large and carefully selected stock of

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS.

Please call and see my
White and Brown Muslins, Irish Linen, Fine Muslin, Delane, Cashmere, Gingham, Calico, White and Colored Flanel, Shawls, Mens' Under Shirts and Drawers, Wool and Zepher Hoods, Head Dresses,
FANCY HAIR PINS,
and Shirt Fronts;
Combs and Brushes, Embroidery, Suspenders, White, Drab, and Blue Yarn, Silk, Oil Cloth, Hosiery, Gloves, Toys, Sewing Birds, and Notions of almost every variety.

I have moved my Notion and Variety Store, opposite the Town Hall, and One door West of Callahan's Shoe Store, where I shall be pleased to wait on all who will give me a call.

Thankful for past favors, I still hope for a liberal share of public patronage.

E. B. BARR.

Salem, Nov. 3, 1860.

GEO. W. MANLY,

ARTIST, Schilling's Block, Main street, Salem, Ohio.

The largest and best assortment of Cases to be found in this section of Ohio.

Salem, June, 1860.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS,

Stock Breeders, Fruit Growers, Bee Keepers, &c.--The Cheapest and Best Rural Weekly Paper in the United States!

THE RURAL AMERICAN, published at Utica, N. Y., is now enlarged to eight double quarto pages, embracing Forty long columns of reading matter, and is got up in a style unequalled by any other similar paper.

ITS SIXTH VOLUME.

This highly popular weekly will commence its sixth volume, January 1st, 1861; and it is decidedly the LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and it is believed, the BEST AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY and general Family Newspaper combined, ever published in this country.

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A club agent is wanted in every town in the United States to get up clubs for Vol. Sixth, to commence Jan. 1st, 1861, or later, as the case may be. Sample copies of the Rural—from one to twenty to circulate gratuitously—sent free to all persons who desire to get up clubs. Show bills also sent free. Postmasters are especially invited to act as agents.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

Fast Line leaves Pittsburg,		1.00 a m
" " "	Columbiana	3.29 a m
" " "	Salem	3.54 a m
" " "	Alliance	4.22 a m
Arrives at Crestline		8.40 a m
Mail Train Leaves Pittsburg		8.15 a m
" " "	Columbia	11.23 a m
" " "	Salem	11.54 a m
" " "	Alliance	12.45 p m
Arrives at Crestline		5.40 p m
Express Train Leaves Pittsburg		12.45 p m
" " "	Columbiana	3.28 p m
" " "	Salem	3.40 p m
" " "	Alliance	4.25 p m
Arrives at Crestline		8.30 p m

GOING EAST.

Express Train Leaves Crestline		6.15 p m
" " "	Alliance	10.30 p m
" " "	Salem	11.00 p m
" " "	Columbiana	11.23 p m
Arrives at Pittsburgh		2.15 a m.
Mail Train Leaves Crestline		6.45 a m
" " "	Alliance	11.20 a m
" " "	Salem	11.54 a m
" " "	Columbiana	12.16 p m
Arrives at Pittsburgh		3.06 p m
Fast Train Leaves Crestline		12.45 p m
" " "	Alliance	4.40 p m
" " "	Salem	6.00 p m
" " "	Columbiana	5.36 p m
Arrives at Pittsburgh		8.05 p m

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAIL ROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, June 11th, 1860.—Trains leave Alliance as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Mail, 7.22, a m, arrive in Cleveland, 9.50, a m
Express, 5.25, p m arrive in Cleveland, 7.55 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail, 10.06 a m arrive in Pittsburgh 2.45 p m
Mail, 10.06 a m arrive in Wheeling 5.05 p m
Express, 8.55 p m arrive in Pittsburgh, 1.40 a m
Express, 8.55 p m arrive in Wheeling 5.00 a m

RETURNING TRAINS LEAVE

Cleveland,	7.30 a m and	5.35 p m
Pittsburgh,	1.00 a m and	12.45 p m
Wheeling,	10.10 a m and	9.45 p m

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Prest.

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Salem, Oct. 27, 1860.

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MARIUS R. ROBINSON,

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April 2—1y $3p'd.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

From the Knickerbocker.

We should like to know who picked out of the ashes, from off the hearth, from under the andirons, from beneath the chairs, from "out on the floor," this

"POPPED CORN."

"One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly haired child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

"The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying;
It rattled the latch of the outer door,
Then it seemed a baby crying:
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And spattered and hissed in the bright red flame.

"Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

"Part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother:
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them 'a flock of milk-white sheep.'

"All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing:
He looked, and he fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

"Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's back kept stroking,
Till his sister cried out: 'Why, George,
Only see how the corn is smoking!'
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"'Never mind,' said he: 'we shall have enough;
So now let's sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stool, and you the corn—
It's good—nobody can beat it.'
She took up the corn in her pinafore;
And they ate it all, nor wished for more."

WHY MY GRAND-DAUGHTER LEFT SCHOOL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TOCSIN, BY AN OLD MAN.

I suppose one reason I am so long getting through life is because I was born in a slow age, before childhood was abolished, and it became customary for infants to leap out of the bib and tucker into brocade and stove-pipe hats. I have been eighty-three years on life's journey, come next Michaelmas, and I have not as yet had a fair view of Styx, save when, from the delectable mountains of the soul's serenity, I have beheld its rolling tide, golden with the glories of my setting sun. Well I always was a slow horse; there is no telling but still another score of years may roll round before I stop growing old.

There was not as much competition in my day (for now is my evening,) as there is now. 'Competition,' they say, 'is the life of trade,' and it is, no doubt; but it has already proved itself the death of the trader, ninety-five cases in a hundred, in the dry-goods trade; and experience will show this rule to hold good in every pursuit turned into a steeple-chase or a hazard. This is simply an old man's opinion.

With the single exception of a sober and temperate life, this age develops competition on the mad-house plan, in every department. Look, for instance, at our primary institutions of learning.

In my day, applications of birch and ferule were deemed indispensable in the process of teaching the young idea how to shoot. That was a mistake, no doubt. It was one of the evils of my time, against which however, no crusade need now be waged, seeing that a far greater incentive to juvenile activity has been found in the ambition to excel, so natural to every mind, especially the young, who are generally inspired with it, be the object good, bad, or indifferent. Having thus acknowledged the superiority of the modern method of inflicting the rudiments, I hope to be saved the mortification of seeing 'fogy' annexed to what I frankly confess myself—old. Evils are as inseparable from systems as are shadows from substances; for every good thing may be abused. But, while teachers are ever willing to admit that youthful brains are sometimes overtaxed and weakened, through abuse of the graded system, they are individually very loth to own that such has ever been the result under their own administration. This is as natural as for a tippler to own the truth of all you can say to him, provided you will only apply it all to his neighbors who take a glass a day more than he. Every organism in nature instinctively displays its own perfections; and man but obeys a universal law when he seeks to hide his defects.

Still, when young minds are injured by overtaxing them, it has been done under the administration of some zealous teacher; and if the following, which is 'founded on fact,' should recall to the mind of any reader scenes in which he has played a part, let him rest assured that this old and slightly trembling hand is not impelled by the least spark of acrimony. There is now so much talent engaged in teaching, and the competition in that branch of industry has, by the general diffusion of knowledge, and also by woman's entrance into it, become so intense, that it is hardly to be wondered at that the pupil's brain is simply looked upon, by the ambitious pedagogue, as a mill in which a medley grist of spelling and reading, primary sounds and etymological definitions, mental and higher arithmetic, physical geography and grammar, philosophy and astronomy, equations, roots, sections and triangles, with a discord of flats, a smatter of *parlez vous, wois nichts, non sperro ma foggo*, or *ad captandum* a daubing of colors, etc., without regard to the injury it may do to the gearing, is to be ground out. And I feel rather inclined to pity than censure one whose position and standing in his profession depends upon his ability to set youthful brains on fire. With these few preliminary remarks I proceed to my short narrative:

Several weeks ago, I began to be waked up, night after night, by a person quietly undressing and going to bed, in the room adjoining mine. Sixty years ago, I should never have known it; but the slumbers of age are light and watchful—wary, for the soft tread of the sable angel is on their path! I grew curious; and, curiosity keeping me awake, I soon learned, by various carefully made noises, that said person sat up, every night, in said room, till twelve o'clock, and, at times, into 'the small hours.' Knowing that the little side chamber in question was occupied by my grand-daughter, Lizzie B——, I began to wonder what might be the occasion of her midnight vigils. I suspected 'yellow-jacket literature' (if my phrase is incorrect, remember it is a new one, and it is hard to learn old dogs new tricks,) having heard that novel-reading was the besetting sin of modern young ladies; and I was beginning to compose, mentally, a homily against this vice, to be delivered some morning at the breakfast table, 'Autocrat' fashion. I was going to divulge my life-long experience; reveal the great number of young ladies I had known, 'in my day,' who had imbibed extravagant and pernicious views of life through the perusal of fictions; how very many had shattered their minds, and a still greater number sown the seeds of consumption, and reaped premature death, by sitting up till midnight in cold rooms, wandering through the phantastic mazes of the exciting story, with icy feet and throbbing temples. At this knot in the string of my discourse, I would turn searchingly, half-knowingly, on the fair face of my grand-child, and make the application by a glance, without a single innuendo.

I had already got through the 'seventhly' of my imaginary discourse, and was vigorously occupied on the application, one night, before sleep had paid his accustomed visits to my old lids, when I thought I could distinguish sounds as a pencil passing, with its quick, jerking motions over a slate, making figures. I listened—there! she made a dash! Strange novel reading that—novel reading on a slate. A pen scratching over the paper! I was convinced; Lizzie was studying, not reading novels; and I discarded my 'application,' forthwith, as inapplicable.

I now began to look upon my grand-daughter from a very different stand-point. I began to regard her with that species of tender reverence which age experiences towards the buds of genius, whose unfolding beauties he may not behold, and whose ripe and lucious fruits he may never hope to taste. Her words became significant, her thoughts profundities. In her dull eyes (always dull in the morning, after her protracted nocturnal application) I fancied I could see the smoldering fires of scintillating genius. I began to map out a glorious career for my dear relative; and almost wished that I might live my long life over again, just to write her biography.

Still, my admiration for my fair grand-child was not unmingled with apprehension. What would be the consequences of her midnight brain labors? Doubtless, her brain was a vigorous one; but is it not a fact that even an iron bar may be bent? Nay, would hard study, during the hours which nature has allotted for repose, be much less deleterious than soft novel-reading? True, the results could not be identical, but, so far as undermining the constitution, and injuring the delicate cerebral structure is concerned, would they be any less disastrous? And, oh! what irreparable loss to herself, to her friends, and to the world would it be if her intellect should be blasted, or its light even so much as dimmed! Such considerations occupied my mind, and I began to think that my friendly interference was as much needed as if her midnight hours had actually been given to novel reading. But it was plain that there was no preaching needed. All that was necessary, was a scientific essay on the physiological evils of night study—that was all. Accordingly, I actually began this labor of love; but before it was completed, events precipitated my design, and revealed facts which, to me, seem of very grave import.

Three weeks ago, last Tuesday morning, Lizzie rose unusually late, having studied till past one, the night previous. Her eyes were more swollen than usual, and she was hoarse. The night had been chilly, and checked circulation had induced a cold.

'Why, child!' I exclaimed, 'you have caught a bad cold! Well, it is not to be wondered at; for the night was damp and cool, and the clock struck one before you retired. You love learning a little too well, Lizzie. You will find that hours cut from sleep are cut from life—especially intellectual life.'

'Why, grandpa!' did my retiring disturb you, last night?—I tried to be so still!'

'Bless you, my child! I have lain awake, night after night, listening to the squeaking of your slate-pencil and the scratching of your pen, for a fortnight or more, thinking all the time, as I have seen you rise, dull and sleepy, in the morning, that I must warn you against loving knowledge 'not wisely, but too well.' But now you see the effect. Last night, I guaranty, you went to bed with feet as cold as ice.'

'I thought they were—pretty near.'

'And head hot as an oven—almost hot enough to bake the brain?'

'You speak as if you knew how my burning temples throbbed and ached.'

'I do know. All that is necessary to know that, is, to understand the alphabet of physiology—the laws of the circulation. Now, suppose you continue your course, catching cold after cold, how long do you suppose it will be before you will be down with a fever? and how much longer before you will settle down into pulmonary consumption, under the same treatment? I think, my child, you had better abandon your night study. The day is long enough.'

She seemed to feel the force of my remarks; but she looked down, and with half-dogged expression, said:

'I can't help it, grandpa. If I don't study nights, I can't keep up with my class.'

'Class!' I exclaimed, in astonishment, new light bursting confusedly on my mental vision. 'I thought you studied from pure love of it. You do not mean to say that you are compelled to study nights in order to keep up with your class at the public school?'

'Certainly; nearly the entire class have to do the same—all but the very aptest scholars. All have to get the greater part of their lessons out of school-hours; for recitations take up nearly all of that time.'

'You astonish me! How many recitations do you have in a day?'

'On an average, about five—sometimes more.'

'But why do you not drop some of your studies, and proceed with what you can attend to?'

'It's against the rules. Every one must keep up with the class, in all the branches, or go down into a lower class. We have now spelling, reading, arithmetic, analysis, physical geography, and a daily and weekly composition: and some have extra branches, sometimes assumed by themselves, sometimes imposed by the teacher, such as astronomy, philosophy, algebra, or botany.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'why don't they add geometry, trigonometry, mental philosophy, logic, geology, painting, archæology, conchology, chemistry, the dead languages, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, by way of variety!'

'You shan't make fun of our school,' said Lizzie, archly, playfully endeavoring to close my mouth with her hand—for she is perfectly at home with me, which I always like to have young people be.

'And how do the scholars like it?' I proceeded.

'Oh, the willing ones take it well enough—lazy ones grumble.'

'And, among the willing ones, are there any that study late o'nights besides yourself?'

'They have to—many of them. One of them will observe, in the morning, 'I studied till one, last night;' another will add, 'and I till two,' while a third will positively boast of having studied, slept, and cried, by turns, till three o'clock in the morning. There is Pauline Q——, one of the brightest pupils in the school, she studied until daybreak, one night, last week: and then she was unable to master her questions in analysis, and had to hurry off to school, at half-past eight in the morning without her breakfast, to get aid from the teacher, which is never rendered during the regular school hours.'

'And—how is it?—do those 'willing' midnight students ever have headaches?'

'Headaches? yes! Sick-headache, neuralgic headache, and every description of headache is as common in the school as fever in a charity hospital, during the month of August! There is hardly a scholar but has it, more or less. Some of the girls have the sick-headache so often that they scarcely mind it, but keep on with their studies. Indeed, many of them have more or less headache almost all the time.'

'Studying with the sick headache!' I muttered. 'Cruel! criminal! barbarous! And cold feet is another prevalent symptom, I presume.'

'Yes—I'd like to know how you can guess so straight.'

'The easiest thing in the world, child. You see, there is only just enough blood in the body, as a general rule, and when there is too much of it in the head, there is too little in the feet. The great secret of health, is, to preserve an equal circulation of the blood, and just in proportion as anything disturbs it, it is a cause of disease.'

'Why, grandpa! you have taught me more physiology in two minutes than I have learned out of books in as many years.'

'Well, and what do the teachers think the result of such a course will be?'

'I do not know; they never say anything about it.'

'Do they never tell you how injurious it is to force a sleepy brain to labor, when nature is striving for repose?'

'Our 'Physiology' tell us that.'

'True. Here Cutter says (page 369). The idea of gathering wisdom by burning the 'midnight oil' is more poetical than profitable. The best time to use the brain is during the day.' Again, on page 374 he says, 'At any time of life, excessive and continued mental exertion is hurtful: but in infancy and early youth, when the structure of the brain is still immature and delicate, permanent mischief is more easily produced by injudicious treatment than at any subsequent period.' And again, on page 369: 'The close student and the growing child need more sleep than the idler or the adult.' And yet again, on page 372: 'When the cerebral organ has been temporarily debilitated by protracted intellectual efforts, it is ineffectual to attempt any concentrated mental exercise.' Besides a thousand similar things that this and all other physiologists have said on the subject. Do the teachers ever tell you to exercise?'

'Yes; but I'd like to know how anybody is to get much time for it. We generally have to be there at eight, or half-past, so as to get aid from the teachers; at noon we catch the half hour after dinner for the same purpose; then, if any one fail, he is compelled to remain after school, to study and recite; and after all that, he will have lessons that will take him the night to get, and perhaps not get them after all; but have to go to studying again as soon as they rise in the morning, or go before school time to get aid. Besides—'

'That's useless, besides being wicked. The pupil will gain more solid information, such as will stick by him through life, during the term if he abstain wholly from night study.'

"Well, besides that, I was going to say, Mr. D——, the principal, discourages the idea of his pupils working. He says when a child goes to school, he should make a business of it; that the pupils should devote their whole time to it, and not be required to work."

I mused: "Go at half-past eight in the morning—3½ hours in the forenoon; study the half-hour at noon—3½ hours afternoon—7 hours in school per diem. Then an indefinite number of hours of hard, unassisted study out of school, sometimes till one, two, or even three o'clock, A. M. Then go to bed, with head aching with heat, and feet ditto with cold; chase 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' catching two or three hours of troubled slumber, and rise in the morning with sick-headache, cold, hoarseness, sleepy and morose, to bolt a breakfast that will hardly stay down, however fast you bolt it, and go through the same mill over and over again. Is that what you call getting an education,' now-a-days?"

"Rather too highly colored, grandpa; but still, 'more truth than poetry.'"

I bit my lip, heaved a sigh, drummed with my fingers on the arm of my chair, looked off into space, and said nothing. I felt my utter inability to do the subject justice. Truly and well has Higginson denominated this process "The Murder of the Innocents!"

Lizzie went to school, as usual, and I had a forenoon's talk with my daughter on the subject. She admitted all I could say; and yet, a foolish, unwarrantable ambition seemed to make her willing to sacrifice the health and mind of her child, rather than that she should "seem to be behind the rest." My daughter has as tender a heart as other mothers. I know she has; but O, the responsibility of those hundreds of thousands of parents who are no wiser than she!

"Lizzie did not return till shortly before six o'clock in the evening. She had failed in one of the recitations in the forenoon, and in the afternoon she had sought aid from her teacher, which was peremptorily refused, it being then in school hours; and the consequence was another failure, and retention, with "a talking to," after dismissal. She had no appetite—had not tasted food since breakfast—but she had a headache, and with its aid she began her wearisome evening task of getting lessons. Her two little brothers were playing, quietly, yet the little noise they made so disturbed her now toneless nerves and distracted brain, that, between complaining, crying, and trying to concentrate her thoughts on her books, she passed her evening accomplishing nothing. At ten, her mother ordered her to bed, becoming positively frightened. I had sat up beyond my usual hour, anxiously watching the progress of events, and what was my painful surprise when, on retiring, I saw light in my grand-daughter's room, streaming through a small crack in the door! Her ambition had even made her disobedient. I went to bed, and said nothing, knowing that her disobedience would cost her dearly enough without the mortification of an exposure. I was awake until past midnight, but heard no squeaking of the pencil, no scratching of the pen—all was profound silence. Roused by growing anxiety, I at last committed the now pardonable act of peeping through the key hole. There she sat, her head resting on her arms, which were crossed on the book before her, asleep, and the light burning. I returned to my apartment, and rapped lightly on the stove-pipe which passed from my room into hers. After a number of raps, each louder than the preceding one, she seemed to start out of a dream, for she exclaimed, "That is a relative conjunction." Then after several ohs! and ahs! she said, "Oh it's you, grandpa! Please don't tell mother that I disobeyed! I didn't want to fail again. I couldn't keep awake. O, my head!"

'No, no, child! but go to bed and cover up, or you will catch your death of cold.' She did so. In the morning she had no appetite, though she had now fasted four and twenty hours, which showed the alarming state of her vascular system; but she had a cold that deserved of abstinence, and headache that it would have required a fortnight's sleep to dispel. She hurried off, however, before eight, to get aid from her teacher; but returned at recess, her indisposition compelling her to desist. Her head ached so, she could scarcely open her eyes. She went to bed, and has not risen yet. Her cold and headache matured into a slow nervous fever, in which her shattered mind wandered through her school scenes parsing, reading, composing spelling, demonstrating—now elated by imaginary commendation, but more often terribly dejected, as that awful word 'failure' rung upon her maddened senses, or begging her mother in pitious tones not to punish her for her disobedience. For a sennight, we watched her wasting form, her feeble breath, her small, quick pulse, her flickering vitality, with the most anxious solicitude. At last the fever took a favorable turn, and three days ago the physician pronounced her out of danger.

This morning, I saw the first faint smile that has illuminated her wan features since she was taken down. She laid her hand in mine, and said, 'Grandpa, I have left the school.'

I was heartily glad of it, and sat down to tell my friend, the gentle reader, why she left it. If the moral of my story is not sufficiently plain, I am unable to point it out.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

These beautiful lines are by James Russel Lowell, though not included in the latest edition of his works.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree,
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds, now roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's-down,
And still flettered down the snow.

I stood and watched, by the window,
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up-spoke our own little Mable,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All Father,
Who cares for us all below.

Again, I looked at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud, like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again, to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father,
Alone, can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded under the deepening snow.

Go-Aheadism.—Sir Charles Lyell, when in the United States, received the following advice from a friend: 'When you are racing with an opposite steamboat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the Captain, who is sitting on the safety valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the Captain exclaim, 'Fire up, boys—put on the rosin.' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the ladies' cabin,' obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended. 'Why to the ladies' cabin?' said I. 'Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being of course indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance; for should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the Captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go ahead!'

Living and Dying.—The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a young lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked:—"Oh! Sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied:—"There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "*How did she live?*" he replied.

Waggish Clergymen.—A certain elder, who was holding a series of meetings at a place where but little assistance could be had, was overjoyed one Sabbath morning to see a brother who was a good preacher, ride by, and immediately insisted that he should preach for him.

"No," said the brother, "but if you wish, I will preach this evening."

"Very well," said the elder, "I will prepare the way for you by preaching from the text 'He that cometh after me is greater than I.'"

"If you do," said the brother, "I will preach in the evening from 'All that came before me were thieves and robbers.'"

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This brilliant and beautiful periodical is issued monthly by us from advance plates made in London, thus securing its publication on the same day in both hemispheres. Although but six months old it has already reached a circulation in Europe and America of over 130,000 copies of each number. There was commenced in the March number a series of papers entitled,

Journeys of the Uncommercial Traveller,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There was commenced in the January number a new and brilliant story by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled:

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which was written for and makes its first appearance in this publication. Readers who peruse the beautiful stories, sketches, etc., of 'All The Year Round,' quoted into other publications, should understand that they get only a taste of the rich things which the entire work contains each month.

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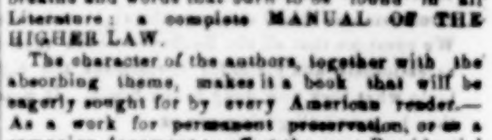

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